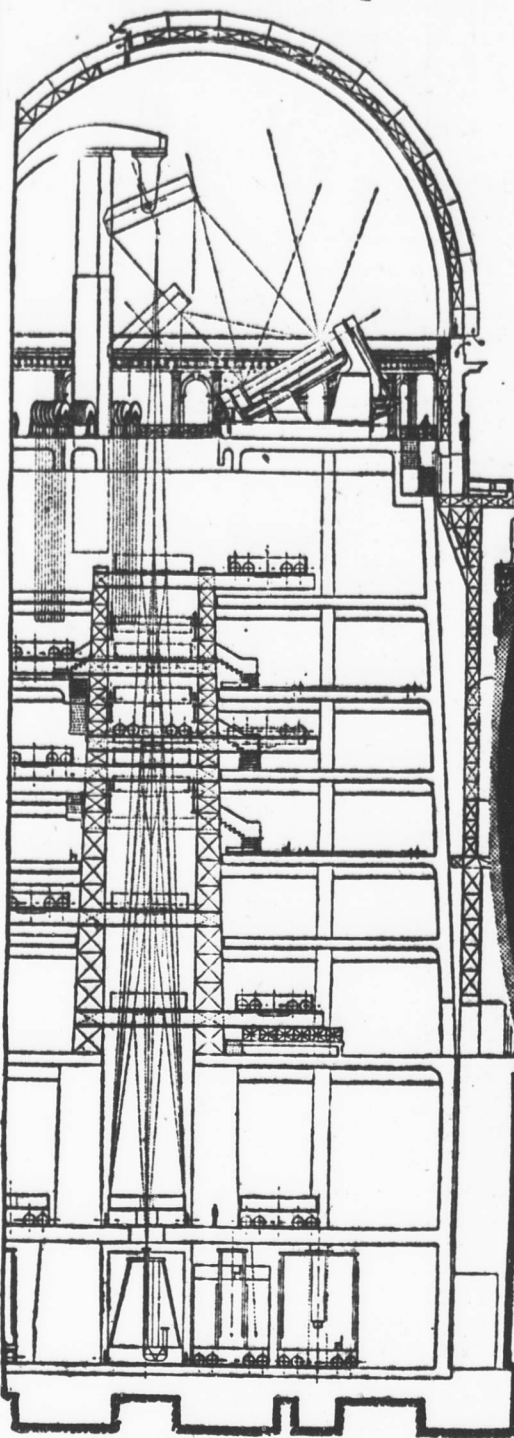


# A Close up of Mars Through Science's New Sky-Battery With Secret Mirrors

*How Huge, Prying Metal Discs Will Strip from the Red Planet Its Last Mystery and Give the World Its "Greatest Peeping Tom of the Skies"*



**MAMMOTH "SKY-SHOOTER"**  
Exclusive Photographic Preview of One of the Ritchie Telescopes Which Will Pierce the Fog of Worlds from Five Strategic Points.

**A** TELESCOPE so powerful that the few scientists privy to its secrets may murmur ecstatically: "We'll be able to sit on earth and read a Martian newspaper!" is about to be hurled into the age-old attack upon the most absorbing enigma of the heavens.

The boast about deciphering Martian journalism, if indeed the Fourth Estate flourishes on the Red Planet, is a slight exaggeration—but it is close enough to the literal truth to stagger brilliant astronomers.

Actually, the new peeping-tube will be able to decry a pit seventy feet in diameter in the planet's traditionally crimson crust. In it are embodied prin-

ciples never before applied to the Big Bertha of the observatories, and the developer, Dr. George Willis Ritchey, of the United States Naval Observatory at Washington, D. C., has been humanly jealous of the weirdly powerful 300-inch metal mirrors and their secrets.

He wants to be the first to announce the exact state of civilization on Mars, if civilization exists; he wants to be the first to settle once and for all the problems which baffled Galileo and the first telescope in 1610—whether or not life can exist, has existed and does exist on Mars. He will be able to say with absolute finality whether the famous and huge "Martian canals" were engineered by nature unaided or by some relative of the human animal as we know it.

For a while science well-nigh despaired of ever seeing Earth's neighbors much more plainly than they had been seen in the past through such giant glasses as the Mount Wilson, Cal., telescope, which Dr. Ritchey also designed—the largest in the world. There was a limit to the diameter of glass mirrors capable of effective use, and

**NEW MYSTERY MIRROR**  
Dr. George Willis Ritchey Giving Inspection and Approval to One of the Astonishing Metal Mirrors, Developed in Secret and Ushering in a New Telescopic Era.

mirrors are of course the key of the telescopic principle. Now C. H. Lutz, an associate of Dr. Ritchey, has developed an all-metal mirror at his New Jersey metallurgical laboratory. It will not tarnish nor react to weather or temperature. In the past a 200-inch mirror was the limit of practicability. The metal mirrors may be made of any diameter.

Dr. Ritchey is hurrying preparations with all speed consistent with scientific exactitude. He knows, even better than the layman can imagine in his fevered dreams, what wonders—perhaps shining cities, great engineering projects, weird monuments—may flash from the great mirrors when they are turned toward Mars. He is keyed to a pitch of anticipation, but this time he is going to make sure that everything is ready for the Big Peep.

Not one, but a battery of mammoth telescopes will be turned simultaneous-

ly upon Mars. Each, encompassing a limited sphere, will make for comprehensive accuracy when the results are tallied. The first will be mounted in Arizona on the edge of the Grand Canyon; a second, in the wilderness; a third will sit upon the Equator; a fourth will be erected eighteen degrees south of the Equator in a suitable spot, while the fifth will peer up from the far, frozen South.

Thus the richest sector of the universe will be swept. These five tremendous eyes will hunt the heavens like batteries of big guns trained upon mysteries long inviolate. The results may well explode upon man's consciousness, in city and jungle, from newspaper headlines and fast couriers.

"With my mirrors," says Dr. Ritchey, "photographs will be made that will show craters 70 feet in diameter and any object on Mars two miles in diameter will be clearly defined."

Those mirrors are like great, glittering honeycombs—what science calls the cellular construction. Several at different angles on each telescope catch and toss the light reflected from the far-off world—passing it from one to another like some robot basketball team until it is ready for the focusing mirror and the eye of the camera or the astronomer.

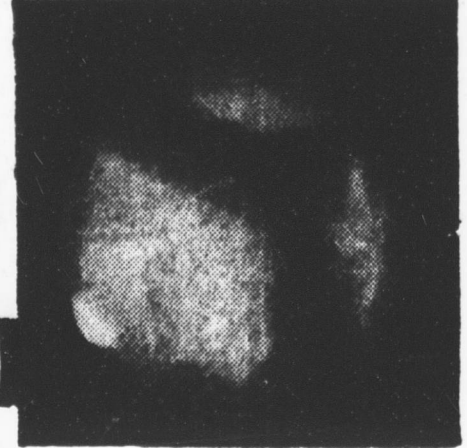
The controversy about the possibility of life on Mars has been fanned

to new life by the prospect of this amazing telescopic artillery in the hands of science. Sir William Herschel, the English astronomer, was the first exponent of the life-on-Mars theory to gain international attention. But even in the vortex of the argument—which grew heated, with uncomplimentary epithets exchanged among proponents of and scoffers at the theory—the most sanguine investigator would shake his head now and again, sighing: "After all, we'll never know!"

Now, thanks to Dr. Ritchey, we WILL know! If the answer is yes—if those monster mirrors reflect irrefutable evidence of life on the planet, the news will bring to the Herschelites who have long pointed out that Mars affords the requisites of life: heat, water and oxygen. They will recall how they placed in evidence the regular, criss-cross markings on the planet, which seemed to serve some purpose and to have been planned.

"Mars is a sterile planet," retorted the more conservative scientists. "The so-called canals are volcanic cracks." But they could not deny that Mars faced the sun at much the same angle as the earth. They could not dispute the rhythm of seasons upon Mars, nor the poles sheathed in ice like ours, nor Mars's frigid, temperate and torrid zones. Nor the absence of rivers, seas and lakes upon Mars—with the necessity for some kind of irrigation like those canals.

Dr. Ritchey is not given to vain imaginings and speculations. But he admits to considerable excitement at the prospect of being history's most celebrated interplanetary Peeping Tom. No telescope yet built has been strong



**NAKED TO SCIENCE!**  
Latest Photo of Mars, Taken with An Old Style Telescope. Look at This and Remember That the New Ritchie Sky-Tubes Will Reveal Craters as Small as 70 Feet in Diameter.

enough to bring into focus a Martian city, if cities exist there. The new ones may be able to show a building as tall as the Empire State in sharp relief and will give the architects of the future, it may well be, precepts to numb the imagination.

Writers since the dawn of astronomy as a science have woven tales around the possible inhabitants of Mars. Edgar Rice Burroughs laid several of his fast-moving romances on the Red Planet, endowing its inhabitants with bestial horror in some cases and intellectual superiority in others. He is only one of a multitude of story-tellers, including H. G. Wells, who have described the citizens of Mars. The rule has been to make them super-human, builders of a civilization many times more ancient and advanced than ours.

The tendency of scientists has been to postulate a type of life on Mars, if there is, much lower than ours—beings twisted by environment into grotesque shapes, mentally undeveloped because of the need of using all vital resources in the combat against alternating sub-zero cold and sizzling heat when the ice caps melt once a year and sluice the Martian valleys. The year on Mars is 687 days long.

Charles G. Fort, a strange man who led a hermit-like existence in New York, wrote books in which newspaper clippings describing startling and unexplained phenomena were adduced to suggest visitations from other planets to Earth. He got a good deal of surprised attention in some quarters. One of his items described a Martian visitor—who returned home disgusted with Earth after a brief stay—eighty-five feet tall, according to an "eye-witness."

If beings of that size exist on Mars, Dr. Ritchey's telescope will be able to spot them. Both Earth and Mars, to accentuate their kinship, were torn from the sun by some celestial cataclysm in the dawn of time. Mars not always the same distance from us, varying from 35,000,000 to 265,000,000 miles. Naturally, the great battery of Ritchey telescopes will see clearest when Mars's orbit swings it closest to us, and the Doctor and his staff will wait for that.

## Why Wilful Mrs. Walker Turned Lady Squatter in Her 'Hubby's Dismantled Home



Mrs. Mary J. Walker, Snapped As She Brushes Up on Her Shorthand—Just in Case Her Ex-Husband's Battle to Oust Her Succeeds.

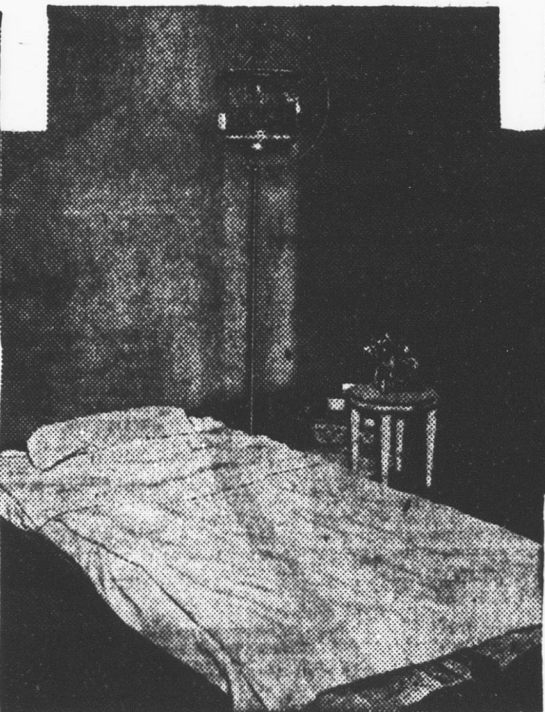
**Feminine Necessities!**—Mrs. Walker's Makeshift Makeup Kit.

**T**WO friends, calling on Mrs. Mary J. Walker, who presides over an imposing 13-room mansion in Pittsburgh's fashionable East End, are asked to sit down. But Mrs. Walker, the hostess, must stand during the visit; and if there are three friends in the party, one of them must stand, too.

The furnishings of this sumptuous dwelling—one of Pittsburgh's show palaces—consist of two chairs, one bare mattress, a radiator-top desk and one canary named "Dickie." Mrs. Walker, who once had servants to attend her amid rich rugs and costly antiques in this same house, now carries on the routine of life in the dignified, somewhat Spartan simplicity of a home scraped to the bone by unsympathetic moving men.

Mrs. Walker is neither a victim of the depression nor an eccentric advocate of the Simple Life. A wrecked marriage and the bitterness which followed left Mrs. Walker stranded on the shoals of her own determination not to give in, no matter what.

Once upon a time John L. Walker, confidential secretary to the Lockhart-Mason estate and to Henry Lee Mason, wealthy philanthropist, occupied the house with Mrs. Walker and two daughters by his first marriage. They seemed happy. Then discord exploded into headlines; Mr. Walker, charging



**"Privation Pallet!"**—Mrs. Walker's Bed, and "Dickie," the Companion of Her Resistance to Siege.

cruelty, various indignities and Mrs. Walker's friction with his two children, demanded—and was granted—a divorce.

Mrs. Walker promptly appealed the case, but the State Superior Court upheld the divorce. Walker suggested that he had no further obligations toward her; that she should therefore move, take herself thence, in short, "scram."

These things, singly and collectively, Mrs. Walker refused to do. Mr. Walker retaliated by obtaining a writ empowering him to remove the furniture. Out went the furniture, every stick of it, along with everything movable in the house—but in stayed Mrs. Walker.

Walker stationed watchmen in front of the house to prevent other furniture from being moved in. But some



**Photo of the Walker Mansion** Snapped at the Height of the "Siege." Distinctly Blue-Blooded Neighbors Tilt Eyebrows at the "For Rent" Signs Liberally Displayed.

friend smuggled in a few candles; another managed to break the blockade to the extent of a few tins of canned heat, a few pots and pans. A mattress got in somehow. And a policeman, his chivalry touched, walked in with a couple of chairs so that Mrs. Walker no longer had to sit on the floor, Japanese fashion.

She is adamant. "You're a squatter!" charged Walker, after he had had the facade plastered with "For Rent" and "For Sale" signs.

"O. K.," retorted Mrs. Walker. "Here I shall continue to squat."

"What if I rent the house?" "Let them move in. I don't care."

Mrs. Walker knows that evictions in Pittsburgh take ninety days—and at the end of that time Mr. Walker may have tired of the prosecution. Meanwhile she has carried her point. He hasn't got her out.

And also meanwhile, Mrs. Walker



**John L. Walker, Who Is Determined to Freeze His Ex-Wife Out "If It Takes All Summer."**

lives with a certain elegance. Sparkling water, fresh from the faucet, is served to her guests. Her pallet is located in the Master Bedroom. She prepares her simple meals in the capacious butler's pantry. The little ceremonies of genteel and wealthy life are rigidly observed.

The canary, however, once gay and prone to warble, is depressed by the echoing emptiness of the mansion. He won't sing a note any more.